

PRIVATE DALZELL.

A Low Grade Clerk in the War Department.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE

Strikingly Illustrated by the Respective Offices Held by Dalzell and McKinley, Both Names Household Ones in Ohio—Disgraceful Treatment of a Loyal and Faithful Leader in His Party for Thirty-odd Years.

The love of this Administration for the old soldier—even the old soldier of Republican politics and antecedents—is illustrated in the case of Private Dalzell, a \$75 clerk in the War Department.

If there is a reader of any kind of a newspaper who has not seen the name of "Private" Dalzell attached to an article, or mentioned in the body of one, The Sunday Globe will put his picture on its front page. We do not know of another name which, for the past thirty years, has appeared as often in the press of the country in connection with the advocacy of Republican principles and supremacy as that of "Private" Dalzell, of Caldwell, Ohio.

The editor of The Globe has been acquainted with Mr.—no, we can not write mister, it does not sound right—"Private" Dalzell since the war closed. So has every man, woman and child of either sex in Ohio. He was a State figure in party politics when President McKinley was trying hard to be elected prosecuting attorney of his county. He was known from the lakes to the river before ex-Secretary Charles Foster won his sobriquet of "Calico Charlie," and "Private-Dalzell" was a household compound word before either Hanna, Foraker or Dick were known to exist.

The Ohio Democracy had no greater terror than this "private"—in season and out of season his pen kept hammering the "copperheads," "mossbacks," etc.—from his den in Caldwell he sent out proclamations, denunciations, pronouncements, and fiery appeals to the G. O. P. to save the country, and from every stump in Ohio his clarion voice was heard rallying the timid, the indifferent, and the recalcitrant to the ranks of that "Great Party" which saved the country from the armed treason of Davis and his rebel cohorts. And all this time neither office, money nor emoluments came the "private's" way, nor, indeed, would he accept them if they did. He was no mercenary striker nor designing office-seeker, but a patriot *à la* *propre* and *à* *reproche*, and he was proud of his title of "private" rather than any general, senator, or judge in all this broad continent.

Private Dalzell practiced law in Caldwell for a living, and the living, such as it was, satisfied him in his unostentatious and humble way, as it must be said of him he was truly democratic, both in manner and in his domestic appointments. But time grows on apace; the private began to accumulate a family, even if he neglected to accumulate lace, and the family had to be fed. His practice in a village or town the size of Caldwell was never very lucrative, and it was, as usual, shared with several other limbs of the law, whose keen scent after the dollar was more acute than Private Dalzell's. There wasn't a Republican statesman or prominent politician in the Middle West and Eastern States of his party unknown to Dalzell, and they, one and all, knew, respected, and appreciated his services and sacrifices for the G. O. P. Presidents and Cabinet officers came and went and the private corresponded with, interviewed or entertained them, or was entertained and recognized as peer and equal, patted on the back, and a broad welcome ever extended him by these high officials, individually and collectively. They knew he was not an office-seeker and were, therefore, all the more pleased to see him on that account. The private had his allotment of vanity, like the rest of mankind, and, conscious of his worth and services, and of the friendly greetings and social fellowship of these great men as his natural due.

At Grand Army encampments—and none would be complete without Private Dalzell—he was the conspicuous figure around whom his comrades rallied, applauded, cheered and made themselves wildly patriotic for the old flag and the G. O. P. We heard him numberless times, and was often sorry we were a Democrat while under the spell of his fiery eloquence, with his blonde and ringletted hair flying in the breeze and his hands gesticulating like a member of the French left. At one of those encampments, the private was down as usual for a speech, or rather speeches, at the evening meetings. He arrived late, being detained at the several halls, where he had previously spoken. During his absence the "boys in blue" were entertained with speeches by generals, colonels, majors and captains *à la* *surfeit*. When the private got on the stage, and before the chairman could introduce him, the immense hall rocked on its foundation with cheers for "Private Dalzell." Stepping forward when the cheers had subsided, he said:

"Comrades, ladies and gentlemen, I account for this generous reception you have given me on the grounds that I am a genuine freak of the late war in being the only surviving Federal private soldier left alive."

The audience instantly saw the hit on the numberless generals, colonels, etc., at all, who had been drilling and succumbing each other for two hours, and men, women and old soldiers yelled themselves hoarse, and kept it up so long that the private was saved from making any further remarks. The big generals and colonels felt correspondingly cheap, and military titles for awhile were dirt cheap at that encampment.

Now this man, after thirty-five years in the harness for his party, and after having rendered it more genuine, in selfless service than any single individual now conspicuous as leader or office-holder, not even excepting the highest and most exalted of its chiefs, is in a humble clerk at \$75 per, and is in a division presided over, we believe, by an ex-Confederate, or, at all events, a "copperhead."

The vicissitudes of political fortune are surely exemplified, and the mutability of human affairs illustrated in an extraordinary degree in the fate of this once conspicuous leader and fearless, tireless and uncompromising writer, orator, and unselfish champion of the Great (7) Republican party.

When Private Dalzell's family got big enough to eat square meals and dress like other people, the great advocate of the G. O. P. began to look

around him, and he speedily realized that the income from his practice in the little town of Caldwell would be insufficient to make both ends meet. He accepted, however, an election to the Ohio legislature to mark his appreciation of his home friends, and when William McKinley was elected President of the United States the private harkened to the solicitations of his family to accept some office. Of course, it never entered their unimagination that he would have any difficulty in securing a suitable position. There is not a Republican in Ohio who would refuse his signature to an endorsement of his worth and deserving character. How, or in what manner, the private applied for a position, The Globe is in ignorance, but the private found himself in Washington in due time. Here he cooled his heels until his money was gone, and very little he had. William the Great, no doubt, received him, looked him straight in the eye, smiled, patted him on the back and did—nothing. Report reached Ohio, among a few of the private's friends, that he was about to return to Caldwell. They had heard that he was offered the job of messenger with the colored men at the war Department. Even his old enemies, the Ohio copperheads, were indignant at such humiliation. How much more so would they have been if they knew that the Appointment Clerk of this same War Department was an imported English foreigner!

How Private Dalzell ultimately landed in the \$75 clerkship The Globe is also in ignorance, but we surmise his old friend Alford threw it to him like a bone to a dog. And William McKinley, of Canton, is President of the United States, and Private Dalzell, of Caldwell, Ohio, is a stationary \$75 clerk of the War Department.

This article is written for Ohio consumption, where both men are known, and where the names of Dalzell and McKinley alternate, as it were, in the litanies of the Republican masses. The only William will significantly touch his bulging Napoleonic brow, when questioned on the ingratitude of the Administration to Private Dalzell, and why he is assigned to such a lowly position. The sycophant and the belly-crawler will be satisfied with the excuse, but the honest masses of the Republican Party in Ohio and in many other States will cry in their hearts if not their mouths—SHAME.

The old soldiers throughout the country, but soft—the old soldiers—sell GENERAL Charles Grosvenor, GENERAL Charles Dick (who never saw a rebel), and COLONEL Marcus Hanna will make that all right. The old soldiers are like Barnum's public—they like to be humbugged. They will all come smiling up to the trough this fall in Ohio and wallow and whoop for puny and sneaky Geo. K. Nash, the 100-day soldier, and the leaders know it, and hence the treatment accorded the real soldier and the unselfish patriot like Private Dalzell.

A RELIGIOUS TEST.

An A. P. A. Correspondent and the General Land Office.

EDITOR GLOBE: The chief clerk of the General Land Office left the Republican party and the Protestant faith between the time of Cleveland's last election and inauguration, and, of course, was retained during that Administration, and as the man who made out the list of those soldiers who were pronounced Republicans and who were to be discharged; also those who were wish-a-washy and who could be retained.

This man the weak Commissioner has appointed as his chief clerk, and, among other things he has done against the party and Administration is to make two unsuccessful attempts to have his Catholic friend, O'Brien, who is a watchman at the Postoffice Department, assigned to this General Land Office as a clerk, both of which attempts failed with the Secretary, even after passing through the Appointment Clerk's hands.

Mr. Whittington is being watched not by the Commissioner, whose duty it is to know what he is doing, but by the A. P. A., a loyal organization that never goes back on its Government.

You can rely on every word of the foregoing. X. Y. Z.

July 13, 1901.

We publish the foregoing as an illustration of the fact that there are men connected with the public service who believe religion to be one of the qualifications for office. Our correspondent says that the A. P. A. has prevented and will prevent the appointment of O'Brien because he is a Catholic and reproaches the chief clerk of the Land Office for his change of faith. He also alleges that the A. P. A. never "goes back" on the Government.

We regret that this intelligent correspondent omitted to state the times and places when the Catholics went back on the Government. Was it when the ordinance of secession was declared by the State legislatures of the South? Was it when Lee's heroes met Meagher's men, on Malvern Hill and Mary's Heights? Was it when Shields was shot through the lungs by Catholic Mexicans, or when Dunne fell at Blaney shot by Catholic Spaniards. Or, maybe, going further back, the signing of the Declaration of Independence by the richest member of the Continental Congress, Carroll of Carrollton, was one of the Catholic acts of perfidy against the Government?

If our intelligent correspondent, X. Y. Z., will take a hurried glance through the history of the Government, to which he is so truly loyal as an A. P. A., he will find, perhaps, that the gentlemen in New England who decided to side with the "mother country" in the War of 1812 were, unfortunately, not Catholics any more than Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. For our correspondent's sake we regret being unable to run down any of the movements for the destruction of this Government to Catholics. It appears all such enterprises were confined exclusively to Protestants.

Hence, after due consideration of the facts of history, we are forced to the conclusion that if a Catholic or two manages to land in the Land Office the Government will be in no serious danger of disruption, even though a loyal A. P. A. fails to get there instead. And as any person of any opinion that any man who advances his particular form of religious belief as a qualification for office demonstrates his unfitness for any position under our present Constitution, which guarantees liberty of conscience to all, and that no religious tests shall be applied under any form of government. Men who try to use their religion as a political machine are as ignorant as they are foolish—the American public takes no stock in them, whether they are Catholics or A. P. A.—Ed. GLOBE.

TWO INTERVIEWS

In One of Which Messrs. Palmer and Ricketts

DOUGHT TO BE INTERESTED.

The "Blonde" Who Runs the Specification Room in the Union Building—A Too Much Absent Foreman with "Kidney" Trouble. The Experience of a Civil Engineer Just Arrived in Town.

"Oh, yes," said the civil engineer to the Globe, "for a student, who has been bending over text-books all winter, there is nothing better than a vacation spent with a surveying party. In the fall he will apply himself with renewed vim to his study, and his body will be in a prime condition. His bed will seem real soft, and the landlady never hears a kick from him on flush and prunes."

"The surveyor on maintenance work lives a good deal like a tramp. He never knows what he's going to eat next nor where to lay his head when night comes."

"On a summer's trip I swallowed some nauseating food and slept in some hard places—haylofts, caboose, empty freight cars, hallways and section houses. In Southern Manitoba salted pork seemed to be the favorite dish, and stewed prunes the relish. In a contractor's camp the only way we could drink the tea was by holding the nose—its fumes were a fright. The only water in that part of the country was river water, which even the horses turn up their noses at. The tents were pitched on sandy ground, and when the wind was high the tables were thick with dust, and the potatoes black with it. I can feel that sand between my teeth yet."

"There is one place we stayed at, not far from Winnipeg, which, in spite of discomforts, I shall always regard with pleasant memory. We had been running levels all morning, and about 2 o'clock we came across the place secluded from the track by a large natural grove. We asked for dinner for four. Although the table had been cleared, the farmer's wife consented to cook us a meal. It was such a treat that we asked to put up for the night. She said the house was crowded, but we were welcome to sleep in the hayloft. The grub was so good that we decided to sacrifice our sleep for our stomachs."

"Supper-time the boss came home. He was a market gardener, and mostly grew onions for a pickling factory at Winnipeg. All evening he dined into our ears the praises of his daughter Lilly. When he retired he took her twin telling what a great net Lilly was. Her nerve and horsewomanship were immense. 'My girl had a runaway in Winnipeg once,' said the admiring father, 'and all she said when she was snatched from the jaws of death, was, 'Am I pale?'"

"We slept pretty well up in the hayloft that night, although our bundles are not the best resting places in the world. Before the sun was up we could hear Lilly milking the cows right before us—milk pattering in the pail, and the sweet lips of Lilly whispering, 'I'd leave my happy home for you.'"

"We washed at the pump, hoping for a good breakfast. It was all right but for the flies. They were so thick on the table that when you reached across for bread they rose like a black cloud, and you couldn't see your neighbor. But it was the best place in that section, and we always went there when we could."

"You ought to direct your sea-glasses on the specification room in the Union Building."

"What room is that?"

"Why, another one of the numerous branches of the Government Printing Office, under Palmer, or rather Ricketts."

"Who is your boss, and what's the trouble up there?"

"He is not my boss, for I do not work there now. The head man is named Ramsey, from my town of Columbus. Ho-ho-ho, and he is an old stick; has nothing to say but draw his salary."

"Then, what is the complaint?"

"In his assistant foreman. Was a Democrat, you know, 'fopped' with the Administration, but he's been away now for five or six weeks. I find him around town when he first started in, but at present they are curing him up in the hospital."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Kidney trouble, he diagnoses it, but he takes the wrong medicine, you see, and the result is four, five and six weeks of an absence from his duties, all of which he was paid for last spring, and is again paid for this last spell."

"Isn't he allowed sick leave?"

"No; this benevolent Government allows no per diem sick leave, but this assistant foreman wouldn't be entitled to it anyhow, as he brings on his own sickness. He is not entitled to pay, but he gets it all the same, and that's the point I want to make. If Ricketts or Palmer allows this man pay for his absence a month or six weeks at a time, where do they get their authority? Already the man has taken almost three months off out of the present year. What do you think of that for a case of 'stand in' and misapplication of the taxpayers' money? The favoritism in this specification room, though, is something outrageous."

"Name a few cases."

"Why, there is a woman up there runs the promotions. Whoever she names gets advanced, and Lord help the man she gets down on; his name will be Dennis, sure enough. It is the practice to promote the extra or substitute proof-readers according to seniority, or at least, it was the practice until 'blonde' got running things. Recently a most flagrant case of her interference disgusted every man in the room. An old and tried sub who has been working on and off for five years, awaiting the hour when he would be made a regular, thought his chance had come at last, a few weeks ago, but he was mistaken. It seems one of the regular proof-readers turned in his checks and the sub, who has seen numbers promoted over his head, knew there was only a latecomer between him and the coveted position. The late comer, however, attracted blonde's notice, and she was seen holding a long conference with him. Everybody knew what was up, and nobody was surprised when the newcomer was promoted and the

old sub turned down. Then there is another dame there, but as she is an ancient old girl, who has had lots of sport, I won't give her away, although she, every old-timer and the sport knows her well. She has cut up remarkable capers in her time, and the boys give her a wide berth. Of course Ricketts knows all about her, and is a party himself to 'blonde's' assumption of controlling the promotion in the manner indicated."

The Globe's informant in the above interview is a conservative, reputable gentleman, and not given to exaggeration nor misrepresentation.

STARTLED THE WATCHES.

A Weird Incident that Occurred at the Bier of Schopenhauer.

A very curious story by Guy de Maupassant has come to light in Paris. According to Maupassant's manuscript, the story was told to him by a German who, with a friend, spent the night in Schopenhauer's funeral chamber. The great German philosopher had died during the dark hours.

Said the German: "Schopenhauer had just died, and we two had decided to stay in his room until morning. Two lights were burning on the table. At midnight our watch began, and after the two others who had remained with the body till that hour had gone away we took up our position at the foot of the bed. The face of the dead man was unchanged. It smiled. The wrinkles which we knew so well were firmly marked, and the countenance looked altogether so natural that it would not have surprised us if our dear friend had opened his eyes and laughed at us. Yet the memory of his profound thoughts weighed upon us, and we felt ourselves surrounded by the atmosphere of his genius. The body of such a man may be stilled in death, but the man himself remains, and not without fear can one remain in his presence. We spoke about him softly; we recalled these wonderful maxims of his which threw such a clear light on many of the dark problems of life."

"I can almost fancy I hear him speak," whispered my companion, and at the same thought we became still more uneasy, as we saw quite still, our eyes fixed on the motionless, smiling face. Suddenly we felt weak and as though something oppressed us. I stammered, 'I don't know what is the matter, but I assure you I am sick.' Thereupon my companion suggested that we should go into the adjoining room and leave the door open, and I took his advice. Taking with us one of the candles, we sat down at the farther end of the other room in such a manner that we had a full view of the bed and of the dead man."

"Still, however, a strange uneasiness possessed us. It seemed as though we were wholly enthralled by the disembodied genius of the dead philosopher. All at once we heard a slight noise in the death chamber. We looked toward the body, and then quite distinctly both of us saw something white roll over the bed, fall on the carpet and vanish under a sofa. At the sight we sprang to our feet, terrified beyond measure. Our hearts beat wildly. I spoke first."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes, I saw it."

"Isn't he dead, then?"

"He must be."

"What are we to do?"

"We must see what it means," was my companion's hearing reply. "I took our light, led the way into the death chamber, and then cast a hasty look around. Nothing stirred, and I approached the bed. The next moment, however, a great terror seized me, for I saw that Schopenhauer was no longer smiling. His face, on the contrary, presented a horrible appearance, for his lips were tightly pressed together, and in his cheeks there were two great hollows. I stammered, 'He is not dead,' and I stood staring at him as though bereft of my senses."

"Thereupon my companion took the other candle and stooped down, and in a moment or two he touched my arm, but did not utter a word. I looked where he pointed, and I saw on the carpet, beside the bed, something white that gleamed strangely on the dark carpet, and I saw at once what it was. It was Schopenhauer's false teeth, and they seemed to be in the act of biting. As the body had decayed the fastening that held the teeth in position had gradually become so loose that they dropped from the mouth and rolled from the bed on to the floor."

Mr. Preusser Approves.

Washington, D. C., July 14, 1901.

EDITOR GLOBE: I have to congratulate you on your very best efforts. You must have been a little out of practice. You are now having a pretty straight line. "All good things come from Ohio."

This is a remark an Ohio lady school teacher made to me when she attended the Teachers' Convention in this city several years ago.

I asked her what she thought of McKinley, Hanna, Foraker and some lesser lights. "Why," she says, "don't you know that all good things come from Ohio?"

Of course, being rather favorably impressed by her appearance, I agreed with her.

But, I believe, to-day, there are other places that send good things here.

Your article on John R. McLean is correct. You are beginning to show color.

It is very near time that Lord Foraker steps down and out. I have had some experience with him. After inviting me to his house on a certain day, he left me standing in his hall for half an hour and then sent word, by that collected dude of a son of his, that he did not see me, feeling indisposed, whatever that means. I hope you will attend to My Lord in the future.

The article on the well-paid labor of this city was well written, but ought to be kept up. Keep it hot. The Traction Company needs looking after, too; especially the party who is interested in the present so-called car-fender, adopted by our triumvirate. My story will come in later. I have written facts signed by so-called prominent parties.

Have to stop writing. Had a close shave from being killed. Had just left my shop to sit in the hall; heard a crash; part of ceiling of shop had come down, smashing my bench, or, if not, it would not have done much to bench, tools, etc., and some finished work—about \$15.

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